

# White Cloud

# Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 36.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER, 452.

## Choice Poetry.

### CAZAR AND SERP.

There came out word from  
To all the Christian lands—  
That Kaiser Alexander  
Had bowed his vassal hands;  
That the Czar of all the Russias,  
By treaty and by demand,  
Had given the yoke from his hands,  
The shackles from his hands.  
Then all the wide world shouted—  
Wherever Christians are—  
"Tis a noble deed this man hath done!  
All hail the Russian Czar!"

On all the land of Moscow  
Was Slavery's serpent coiled—  
Till Kaiser Alexander said,  
"Emancipate the world!"  
Till the Czar of all the Russias  
To shape of breathing took  
Gave three ten million freedom's souls—  
A soul for every one.

Then all the wide world shouted—  
Wherever Christians are—  
"Tis a blessed deed this man hath done!  
God keep the Russian Czar!"

I think if he of Moscow  
Were ruler here this day,  
And underneath his foot  
His bleeding country lay,  
With three hundred million men  
Beholding, done for free,  
He would not look that Slavery  
Should hold him long at bay;  
With all the wide world gazing,  
Wherever Christians are,  
God knows this land, like Moscow,  
We seek with Slavery's serpent;  
God knows it made the ruler of  
More nations than the Czar;  
And yet, in vision of Slavery,  
In sight of Vernon's Hill,  
We shrink from Alexander's cry—  
"Emancipate the world!"

With all the wide world gazing—  
Wherever Christians are—  
We are covering still at Slavery's feet—  
Reluctant by Russia's Czar!

## Select Tale.

### THE BOY HEROES.

When Kentucky was an infant State, and before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forests, there lived upon a branch of the Green River an old Hunter by the name of Slater. His hut was upon the southern bank of the stream, and, save a small patch of some downy weeds that had been cleared by his own axe, he was shut up by dense forest. Slater had two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel—the former fourteen, and the latter twelve years of age. His wife was with him, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple from the effects of severe rheumatism.

It was early in the Spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the produce of his winter's labor, which consisted mostly of furs. He had received quite a sum of money, and had brought it home with him. The old man had for several years been accumulating money, for civilization was rapidly approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening, just as the family were sitting down to the frugal supper, they were attracted by the sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approaching.

He quickly ordered off the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat, and also for lodgings for the night. John Slater was not a man to refuse a request of that kind, and asked the strangers in. They set their rifles behind the door, unslinging their packs, and room was made for them at the supper table. They represented themselves as travellers bound further west, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater took no notice of the circumstance, for he was not one to doubt any man. The boys, however, did not like their appearance at all, and quick glances which they gave at each other told their feelings. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with the guests, but they were not very free, and after a little while, the talk dwindled into occasional sentences. Philip, the older of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly. His fears had become excited, and he could not rest. He knew his father had a large sum of money in the house, and his first thought was that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After supper was over, the boys quickly cleared off the table, and then went out of doors. It had become dark, and rather the night had fairly set in, for there was a moon two-thirds full, shining down upon the forest.

"Daniel," said Philip, in a low whisper, at the same time casting a look over his shoulder, "what do you think of these men?"

"I'm afraid they are bad ones," returned the younger one.

"So am I. I believe they mean to steal father's money. Didn't you notice how they looked around?"

"Yes."

## Miscellaneous.

### THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

BY ALICE CARY.

I know his light in his deep dark eye,  
When he looks at me from the misty dawn;  
I know his smile, his lips, his hand,  
And his eyes, his eyes, his eyes, his eyes.

Two faithful children he left with me,  
Who live his name as a high command;  
The very heart upon his face  
Is the heart of a true man's hand.

I know his heart, his heart, his heart,  
And his eyes, his eyes, his eyes, his eyes.  
I know his heart, his heart, his heart,  
And his eyes, his eyes, his eyes, his eyes.

I know his heart, his heart, his heart,  
And his eyes, his eyes, his eyes, his eyes.  
I know his heart, his heart, his heart,  
And his eyes, his eyes, his eyes, his eyes.

### A Good One.

Dr. Mackenzie tells us with good humor, an anecdote in the New York Union, which we have before heard verbally related. It was all about a certain Lady Middleton, who, contrary to her most anxious wish, was blessed with many children. After an absence of several years with her liege lord in England, she returned with him to reside for a time on one of their Irish estates.

As the carriage drove up to the mansion, she noticed several fine looking children about, and having learned that their mother was the wife of a gate porter, she determined to interrogate her, relative to the cause of her fecundity; she, therefore, next day made her way down to the porter's lodge, and commenced her inquiries:

"Whose children are these, my good woman?"

"All my own, my good lady."

"Ah, indeed?"

"Yes."

"What! three infants, and all of the same age?"

"Yes, my lady, I had three the last time."

"How long have you been married?"

"Three years, your ladyship."

"And how many children have you?"

"Seven, my lady."

At last came the question of questions—how she came to have the children? The poor woman, not well knowing what this catechism meant, and not well knowing how to wrap up in delicate words her idea of cause and effect, blushed and grew confused, and at last, for want of something to say, replied: "I think it must be the potatoes, my lady."

This unfolded a theory of population quite new to Lady Middleton, who eagerly demanded: "The potatoes! Do you eat much of them?"

"Oh, yes, lady; very seldom we have bread, and so take potatoes all the year round."

Greatly agitated with her new information, the lady asked: "And where do you get the potatoes?"

"We grow them in our little garden, my lady; sure, Pat tills it."

"Well," said Lady Middleton, "just send up a cart load of these potatoes, and the steward will pay you well for them."

"Shortly after, her ladyship rose to leave the house, and indeed had left it, when the matron ran after her, and blushing as she put the question, asked: "Ah, then, my lady, is it to have children that you want the load of potatoes?"

It was the lady's turn to blush, as she confessed that it was.

"Because I'm thinking, my lady, in that case Pat had better take the potatoes to you himself."

Hon. Byron Greene, of Soda, New York, who died at a good old age, lately refused to sell his corn to speculators in a time of scarcity, for \$1.50 per bushel, but trusted it out to his poor neighbors at \$1 a bushel. So they now rise up and call him blessed.

It has been calculated that vendors of roasted chestnuts to the number of about 400 arrive in Paris from the south of France in the course of the month of September, and that each of them sells on an average 40 bags of chestnuts weighing 100 kilograms each.

The reports that small-pox is raging in Buffalo are untrue: There have not been over 200 cases in the city at any one time, and the number is fast decreasing.

Two young men of Washington, Ind., were recently arrested for administering drugs to two young ladies and attempting their ruin.

## Useful and Curious.

### How to Make Corn Pudding.

"But you have nothing father to tell me," she continued, "about corn puddings?"

"I have," I answered, "and as many other persons besides 'H. Francisco' may like to eat corn puddings, and as I know you will be likely to circulate the account through a 'sewing-circle'—here—Mrs. Gray looked vexed—"I will give you the receipt for making this truly delectable dish, which is of Indian origin, improved upon by the Quakers, and which, when eaten, should constitute the sole repast of what is known in Nantucket under the name of 'tea.'"

"Take four dozen full ears of sweet green corn"—here I got off the fence and began to pluck the ears—"score the kernels and cut them from the cob. Scrape off what remains on the cob with a knife. Pound the corn out in a mortar. Add a pint and a half or one quart of milk, according to the corn. Add four eggs well beaten, a half tea cup of flour, a half tea cup of butter, a table-spoonful of sugar, and salt quantum sufficit. Bake in a well greased earthen dish, in a hot oven, two hours, place it on the table browned and smoking hot, eat it with plenty of fresh butter, and be thankful."

Having by this time picked the necessary number of ears, I gave Mrs. Gray to understand that we would go home, and that I would immediately proceed to make the pudding, which, much to the indignation of the cook, and the intense delight of the black boy, I did. My wife, when we came to eat it, declared it was equal to anything of which she had ever partaken, and declared that if I would only go to New York and open a corn-pudding shop, I might make my fortune.

—My Married Life at Hill Side.

## The Fun of the Thing.

### A DESPERATE LOVER.

There was a desperate lover "down East," having met with some severe disappointment with some fairer, than to play the very droll with all creation. Hear him!

I'll grasp the leaden thunder,  
With lightning I'll play,  
I'll read the crackle number,  
And kick it away.

The rainbow I'll straddle,  
And ride to the moon;  
Or in the ocean I'll paddle,  
In the howl of a breeze.

The stars shall fall around me,  
The sun shall tumble down;  
I'll dye the great purple,  
And paint the sky brown.

I'll set fire to the fountain,  
And scorch up the hill;  
And eat up the mountain,  
And then be hungry still.

The sun I'll put out,  
With the white-hot sky;  
Turn day into night,  
And sleep it away.

The moon I'll smother,  
With nightmare and woe,  
For sport, at each other,  
The stars I will throw.

I'll fog the young earthquake,  
The weather I'll phreze,  
Volcanoes I'll strangle,  
Or choke with the phreze.

The rocks shall be preachers,  
The trees shall be singers;  
The clouds shall be teachers,  
And the comets go singing.

I'll tie up the winds  
In a bundle together,  
And tie their ribs  
With an elastic feather.

## For the Farmer.

### Gar Sheep.

It is getting to be pretty well understood that mutton is the best of meat, and the fact that it can be so cheaply made as any other, and more so, is a thing greatly in favor of raising sheep. There can be no loss where coarse-woolled heavy sheep are kept, if the market for mutton is good—where the price is high, and the market of ready access. Of course, the old breed must be thrown aside, for that has proved thoroughly to be worthless. The good breeds not only produce more wool and mutton, but improve, both in mutton and wool, in quality as well as amount. This improvement is rapid in the best blood. In New England, Ohio, and other parts of the country, wool has doubled its weight per sheep in ten years—in some parts tripled the number of pounds. This, by care being taken, both in selecting stock, and in good keeping.

These two points are the great points. Upon them depends our success. We must have good kinds—and then trust them well; that constitutes the secret all over. The old breed (of the country) produce clothing, will furnish mutton, such as it is, but give no profits.

Again we urge our farmers to secure sheep, secure the best (or at least good breeds); and then, take care of them. They will do in almost any locality—on the hill in the valley, and on the prairie. Wool is destined, beyond any doubt to bring high prices for years. This is the opinion of the best judges—and this is its look in every sense.

### MOISTURE IN RAISING POTATOES.

In raising potatoes, there must be moisture in the soil, or there will be no potatoes. The potato is a moist fruit and requires copious draughts. We plant in new soil that is dry and mellow, and get our best potatoes. The reason is, the mellow soil absorbs moisture, and breathes; the air circulates through it and imparts vitality as well as fertility. This, then, acts in part as rain. The ground thoroughly worked, deeply mellow, is the thing for potatoes, though a potato will grow on a flat stone or in the grass, if covered with straw. But the point of deep culture in potatoes is this; moisture is obtained from below—and if there is an excess at the top, it will soak away. Hence, in many parts of the West, on the prairies, where the heat is great, and vegetation suffer from drouth, a porous soil is of the utmost importance. Indeed, it is the only thing that can mainly be relied upon, not only for the potato, but for all succulent plants.

Plant rather close, and you will not only get more uniform fruit, but your ground will be the more shaded, thus favoring moisture. If you bill them, do it only when the ground is moistened by rain, unless the season is a moist one. This, we believe, is pretty well understood by farmers. They have learned at least so much in favor of moisture.—*Colman's Rural World.*

### PASTURING ORCHARDS.

Allow me to give what I consider the best way to treat an orchard after it has been seeded to grass; that is to pasture it with sheep. They seem just fitted for the purpose, as they remove very little from the soil that is not returned; they eat what apples drop early because of worms, together with the pests themselves, and keep the grass down short, making it good picking up the fruit. I know by my own experience and the testimony of observing and practical men, that trees will thrive and bear larger crops of fruit, almost free from knots and worms, when sheep are allowed to run among them until the fruit begins to ripen—while other orchards that have been mowed will make only a small growth, and produce only second or third rate fruit.

1. Grass and vegetation of all kinds (except the trees) should be kept down as short as possible.
2. All that grows in an orchard, except fruit, should be returned to the soil.
3. Trees should be allowed to branch low in order to shade the ground under them and keep grass from growing.

I find that apple trees with branches just high enough for sheep to go under, do much better than those trimmed up four or five feet.

The above remarks refer to bearing orchards—of course, young trees demand and receive cultivation, or else die.

### TO STOP POTATOES ROTTING.

An experienced agriculturist informs us that about six years ago he applied lime to potatoes that were partly rotten, and that it immediately arrested decay. Potatoes that were partly rotten when the lime was applied continued to rot, and were lost. Since then he has made it a common practice to apply slacked lime to his potatoes as he takes them up. He puts a thin layer of lime upon the floor sprinkles some of it over them about every ten inches as they are put down. He considers this as perfectly protecting them from rotting, as he has never had a rotten potato since he has practiced it; and he believes also that potatoes thus need are rendered better by the action of the lime.

### THE MORE CULTIVATED THE FARMER IS,

the better cultivated his lands are apt to be. Remember this.

### Dr. Foster, of Montpellier, France, treats

pulmonic phthisis and consumption in general by a new method, which, up to the present time, has the most fortunate results. He makes his patients eat the flesh of raw mutton and of beef, and drink alcohol weakened with water, in small doses. The meat, reduced to pulp and disengaged from its tendons, is administered in balls rolled in sugar, or in sugar-pulp in coffee spoons, at the rate of one hundred or three hundred grammes a day. If the thirst of the consumptive is intense it is slackened by a drink composed of five hundred grammes of cold water with sugar, in which one hundred grammes of the pulp are dissolved. The alcoholic portion is composed of alcohol at twenty degrees Baume, increased to three times its volume by sugared water. It is taken by the spoonful from hour to hour. This new medication has succeeded beyond all expectation. Persons affected with serious phthisis, or with phrobenes (the blood mingled with pus), have been radically cured. Raw meat has a reconstructive power, while alcohol acts directly upon the organs of hemostasis of sanguification.

### The stereotyped medical requisition

"let me feel your pulse," is possibly to be superseded by the demand, "let me see your breath." An English physician has been making experiments with the impressions made on glass by the breathing of a number of persons, and has found that different figures are made by different impressions, and on a magnified disc there appear, through the medium of a magic lantern, an almost infinite variety of shapes and combinations—some like daggers, others resembling stars, others in flower-like forms, and so on. It is opined that observations scientifically made on these different forms of emitted breath, from the lungs will be very valuable in determining their condition. Certainly, it would be an extraordinary discovery that a diagnosis on the state of one's lungs might be given from a microscopic observation of the particular form assumed by the breath, as deposited on a sheet of glass, on emission from the mouth of the patient.

### A VALUABLE SECRET.—The Scientific

American says: "The unpleasant odor produced by preparation is frequently the source of vexation to persons who are subject to it. There is a simpler than to remove the odor much more effectually than by the application of such ointments and perfumes as are in use. It is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia and place about two table-spoonfuls in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands and arms with this, leaves the skin as clean, sweet and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of an experienced physician."

### LEMON PIE.—A table-spoonful of starch

to a tea-cupful of boiling water, (make as if for shrubs,) a tea-cupful of sugar, one egg and the grated peel and juice of one lemon; this forms a good, firm custard, and is baked between two crusts; it is by far the best and easiest concocted lemon pie I have ever tried. My usual way has been without a top crust; one lemon, one cupful of water, one of sugar, three table-spoonfuls of flour and two eggs, beating whites separately. These are good, but a great bother, and sometimes do not thicken nicely.

ink is manufactured from petroleum.